A team--and a family--of adventurers, explorers and imaginauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary--and extraordinary!

# Fantastic Four

**After the events of the superhuman civil war, Reed and Sue Richards have decided to take a break from the Fantastic Four to spend time together and work on their marriage. Replacing them are the King and Queen of Wakanda, the Black Panther and Storm!**

**While on a second honeymoon, Reed has gone to investigate a mysterious object that has entered the solar system from hyperspace, leaving Sue alone on Jupiter's moon Titan. While he is busy studying the object with fellow scientist and former Avenger Hank Pym, the Wingless Wizard, accompanied by Hydroman, Trapster and Titania, has chosen this as the perfect time to ambush Sue and take her prisoner. But the Wizard, knowing that Mr. Fantastic would rush back to Titan to save his wife, has planted an explosive device on Reed's ship...a device which has just gone off!**

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KRAK
WATCH YOUR TONE.
NNNN...
THE DEVICE AT YOUR TEMPLE NEUTRALIZES YOUR POWERS. YOU'RE NEARLY A BILLION MILES FROM HOME.
EVEN IF I DON'T GET YOU...
THE OTHERS WILL? PLEASE. ASSUMING THEY'RE STILL ALIVE, YOUR BROTHER IS A RECKLESS CHILD. THE THING, A BRAINLESS LOUT--
SHE'S GOT A POINT. WHAT ABOUT THE PANTHER AND STORM?
NOT EVEN WORTH MENTIONING. THEY'RE C-LISTERS WITH PRETENSIONS TO RELEVANCE. EVEN SO, PRECAUTIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

WHAT ARE WE STANDING AROUND FOR? THOSE CREEPS HAVE SUZIE.
REED'S FOLD-SPACE VEHICLE IS BEING PREPARED FOR FLIGHT BY MY STAFF. IT WILL BE HERE IN FOUR MINUTES.
SUZIE MAY NOT *HAVE* FOUR MINUTES.
IT DOES US NO GOOD TO WORK FROM THAT ASSUMPTION.
WE PROCEED AS IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE. IF WE'RE RIGHT, WE MAXIMIZE OUR CHANCES OF HELPING HER.
AND IF WE'RE WRONG, WE BURN THE PLACE TO THE GROUND.
THAT SAID, PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO IMPROVE HER CHANCES, EVEN AT THIS DISTANCE.

EEEAHHHHHH!
I DON'T ENJOY HURTING YOU, MRS. RICHARDS. NOT MUCH.
THAT'S...WHERE WE DIFFER, WITTMAN. WHEN IT'S MY TURN TO HURT YOU? I'M GOING TO ENJOY EVERY MOMENT.
BRAVADO ILL-SUITS YOU. LET'S END THIS. SAY WHAT I WANT.
WIZARD.
RICHARDS?! I KILLED YOU!
PRIMA FACIE, OBVIOUSLY NOT.

EASY ENOUGH TO FIX!
TITANIA, DON'T--
--IT'S A HOLOGRAM.
THOOM
IF SUE IS DEAD, I'LL NUKE YOU FROM ORBIT. IF SHE'S ALIVE, YOU FINALLY GET YOUR CHANCE TO BEAT ME. ONE-ON-ONE.
EITHER WAY, I'M COMING FOR YOU.
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. NOW.

HE'S RIGHT. RICHARDS ISN'T BLUFFING. AND IF HE'S ALIVE, THE OTHERS PROBABLY ARE TOO.
THAT'S THE MOVE. WE GET AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE AS WE CAN.
BUT FIRST WE KILL THIS ONE.
YEAH. WE DON'T WANT HER COMING BACK AFTER US.
NO. WE KEEP HER ALIVE, AND WE WAIT RIGHT HERE.
BUT--
DO NONE OF YOU SEE? RICHARDS IS *ALONE*, HE'S RECKLESSLY MAKING THREATS. THERE'S NO BETTER TIME TO TAKE HIM DOWN.
WE MAKE OUR STAND, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW.
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE.

HE'S A STEALTHY SO-AN'-SO, AIN'T HE?
YOU WANT TO UNTIE MY SISTER. NOW.
WHAT I WANT TO DO IS KILL REED RICHARDS AND SHARE THE DIGITAL VIDEO OF MY TRIUMPH WITH THE WORLD.
ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR THE LIFE OF ANY OF THEM. EXCEPT FOR RICHARDS--
--RICHARDS IS MINE!
YOU HEARD THE MAN! A MILLION BUCKS A HEAD.

FOOOSH
YOU SURE? MAYBE HE ONLY MEANT A MILLION TOTAL.
I MEAN, A MILLION EACH DOESN'T SEEM FAIR. I'M WAY HARDER TO KILL THAN BRICKS-FOR-BRAINS.
AHHH!
HEY. I'M STANDIN' HERE.
SO AM I.
AW, MAN...
KRAKK

DON'T STRUGGLE, BIG MAN. JUST TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND IT'LL ALL BE--
LET HIM GO!
AHHH!
YOU BOILED MY HAND, YOU MOTHER--
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE.
ALSO, YOUR CHIN.
THOOM
NOWHERE TO RUN, TRAPSTER. I'M COMING FOR YOU.
I'LL MAKE SOME COVER. REGROUP!

NNGH.
THE TRAPSTER'S DOWN. FIND HYDRO--

AHH!
FOOSH
THUNK
HE WAS GONNA SAY, LOOK OUT FOR ME. GOOD ADVICE.

FOOSH
GETTING A LITTLE THICK UP HERE.
ZZRAZZ
NICE!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
NOT FAR. JUST HIGH ENOUGH TO LINE THEM UP FOR YOU.
POOM
POOM
POOM
POOM
POOM
FOOSH
YOU SET 'EM UP--
--I'LL KNOCK 'EM DOWN!

CALL THEM OFF, WITTMAN.
ALTERNATELY--
AHHHHH!
--YOU COULD DIE A SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH.
I'LL ADMIT, YOU WERE MORE RESISTANT TO MY ENERGY DISCHARGE THAN I'D EXPECTED.
NOW, FOR THE CAMERAS, WHO'S THE BETTER MAN?
BUT MY NEURAL DISRUPTOR IS WORKING PERFECTLY.
NNNNN...

DON'T ASK A QUESTION WHEN YOU ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER.
GET OFF OF HIM, CHUCKLES. OR THEY'RE GONNA BE CALLIN' YOU "THE ARMLESS WIZARD."
THIS FIGHT AIN'T OVER.
IT IS FOR YOU.
AHHHHH!
WHAT DID YOU...? WHERE IS HE?
HE'S HUMIDITY. HE'LL PULL HIMSELF BACK TOGETHER. EVENTUALLY.

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